LETTER From TANGIER, To a Friend in LONDON.

Describing the Causes, Manner and Time, of the Demolishing of *TANGIER*, *November* the Fifth, in the Year 1683.

SIR,

THIS is the last Letter you must expect from this Place, where I have continued ever since the last Detachment from the Regiments of Guards in *London*. I have not failed to give you the best Account I cou'd, from time to time, of our Casual Engagements with the *Moores*, and their Daily Incursions upon us. Since the last Ambassadour, *Ben Hadu Oetar*, went over from hence into *England*, we Enjoy'd some Liberty of Traffick and Commerce amongst 'em. But since his Return from thence, the Treacherous *Moores* falling from the Traffick and Articles of the Peace proposed in *England*, they began to Renew their old Pranks, appearing in Parties within view of the Christians driving their Cattle within a Mile of *Charles*'s Fort, to come out the Soldiers to the Booty, where these Devils, like so many Rabbits cover'd in the Sands, or so many Snakes and Poison'd Adders, underneath the long Grass, with their Venomous Darts, spitting Fire at their Mouths, lay in Ambuscade ready to Devour us.

Our Noble and Valiant Governour, Colonel *Kirk*, finding they began to Renew their old Cheat, made Complaint to the Ambassadour at *Fess*, upon which an Interview was appointed, between the *Alcade* of *Fess*, and the Governour, to continue the Peace, but the Governour did not think it safe to venture his Person any more amongst them, finding them so uncertain, and forward to Renew their old Insolencies.

This taking no Effect, (to prevent further Blood-shed,) it was Consulted about the Demolishing of *Tangier*, as the best Expedient to save His Majesty the Expence of Lives and Money. While this was Debated by His Majesty and Council, in *England*, our Prayers were, that it might take Effect, and that we might rather Live to see *Tangier* in a Fire, then not to see our own Country; for there are

but

but few of us here, but had rather see a Roast *Capon*, or *Pigg*, in *Smithfield*, then the best Booty in *Affrica*. All the Talk, and all our Hopes, was, That *Tangier* that cost us so Dear, should be Demolished; when according to our Wish, on the Third of *September* Arrived here the Right Honourable the Lord *Dartmouth*, with his Fleet, who was so well Entertain'd by the Town, that what between our Bonfires, and great Shot, you would think our *Troy* was in a Flame already.

The next Day being Entertain'd very Splendidly by the Governour. All the Town being Summon'd together, he signified His Majesties Pleasure, in a most Learned and Comfortable Speech, for the Demolishing of *Tangier*; That none shou'd sustain Loss thereby, but that every one that had any Houses or Tenements there, according to the Value, they shou'd (being certified by the Commissionors appointed for that use,) have Reprisals made in *England*. I cannot tell whether our Canon the Day before, or our Shouts to Day, made the greater Noise. Every one was pleas'd with the Change, but more with the Reprisals, being gladder to have the Liberty of a Subject, and a free Estate in *England*, then an old Musty Prison, or Hospital in *Tangier*. I wish mine wou'd all in *Whigland-Square*, for the convenience of my Wife and Children. It is impossible to Express our Joys, which continued all that Night with Bumpers and Bonfires, the Canons playing in the Air, like Rockets, and the Foot-Soldiers with their Muskets, were our Squibs and Serpents. The Bells rung the melliver out of the Steeples, you could not hear above Two in all the Town. They had hardly patience to stay till next Morning, when all Hands went to work upon the Mold, which came up much faster then it went on, and with less Charges, being Blown up from the very Foundation. Then we fell to work with the Houses on the upper End of the Town, next the Town-Wall, having Removed the People, with their Goods and Moveables, on Ship-board.

When this part of the Town was Blown up, there was a Party of the *Moores*, about Ten Thousand, within Two Miles of the Walls, which were totally Routed, by the strangeness of the Surprize. They run Seven Miles forward, as if Hell had burst open, and the Devil himself had been at their Heels, before they look'd about, either Horse or Man; for, either some of the Stones or Timber fell amongst them, or the greatness of the Noise, Scar'd them away; there has not one of them since appear'd within view of the Garrison. We have had by this means, time to select and gather all the best of our Stone and Timber, or any thing that is worth preserving, which we have Sold to the *Spaniards* on the other side of the *Streights*. We are now Undermineing the outward Walls, the Castle and Cittadel, which the Governour has Ordered to be Blown up all together, on the Fifth of *November*, for one solemn Bonfire. But of this I shall give you the Account upon my Arrival there, which Happiness to see *England* once more, is so much Desired by

Your Loving Friend, to see you,

M. Poseley.

LONDON, Printed for *J. Smith*. 1683.

134104